

BY LULU JAMISON

replay. "I don't think it hurts any human being to be taught that humanity is selfish and that other-hearted. It degrades no man to feel that others are considerably compassionate for his woes and find a pleasure in contributing to his happiness. It was a slight action that changed the current of Jean Valjean's life. And the world is full of Jean Valjeans waiting for their grain of kindness to turn them into the good, charitable; you may think so, but I do not. I have all that money can buy; I do not know an hour's discomfort, or the want of even a luxury, and because some of my plenty finds its way to the unfortunates I am lauded to the skies. It is a distorted idea. When I read of a poor woman pledging the only thing of value she possesses to keep a poorer neighbor from starving turned upon the streets, or when I hear of a starving creature sharing her crust with one who has not even a crust, I realize something of the charity which covereth a multitude of sins, and when people praise me I feel as big a hypocrite as those pharisaical individuals whose religion is a mere going to church on Sunday and picking out the parts of the sermon they think their neighbors should practice, and whose charity begins with a subscription list and ends with Bibles sent to the heathen. I don't admire those people. Let us talk of something else. I see you're here, Miss Hilton, and I see Brian laughing, as usual. I wish he'd grow a little more sensible. What do you say, Bertie?"

"Your earnestness reminds me of Wilson. You remember him, Brian. He took his degree of medicine with you. He's made quite a reputation in his profession, and the number of physicians of more years and longer practice are glad to call him in consultation. He was always remarkable in his way. Brainy and all that. Rich, too."

"Does he practice in New York?" asked Margaret.

"Yes. He has no end of patients. Poor. Most of them; but that's his own fault. He's a great hand for going around in the tenement districts, curing people for nothing. Sometimes when he finds neither fire nor food he not only provides both but makes the fire and cooks his provisions in the bargain, and he is a noble fellow. You should meet him, Margaret. You and he would agree on many points."

"Brian has never mentioned him to me. I should like to know him."

"I had forgotten all about him," said Brian, "though now I remember he took especial interest in me when we were studying together. His grand epiphany was that he realized that he was not always had very peculiar notions."

"If he comes up to Bertie's description it is to be regretted that there are not more of his peculiar notions in the world."

As she made this remark Margaret rose from the table, followed by Miss Hilton. Brian asked Bertie for a game of billiards.

"Don't leave us too long," cautioned Margaret. "Miss Hilton and I will grow mutually tired of each other's society."

"Like the pater and myself," put in Bertie. "By the way, Margaret, speaking of charity, I thought I would like to persuade others to the contrary. You'll hear him discuss some poor chap in the strongest possible terms, and likely as not you'll come to find out the fellow's been enjoying his bounty all the time. A queer chap, altogether," he concluded, not very respectfully. "Au revoir, Margaret. Brian is already grinning over his expected triumph."

CHAPTER XI.
THE COLONEL TAKES A HAND.

Bertie's hope was realized. No undue exhibition of temper on the part of his father spoiled his peace of mind, and though several weeks had passed, he was apparently a fixture at The Cedars for an indefinite period.

He made the most of his opportunity for enjoying Alice's society, and the Colonel smiled grimly at his maturing plans.

But he was not of a vacillating character, and as time went on, and matters had not reached a definite settlement, he began to consider the advisability of some action on his part.

With this idea in view he came rather unexpectedly on Bertie and Alice in the sitting-room one morning.

He regarded them fixately for a moment, and with a look of great determination, he fell with the force of a bombshell on the ears of his surprised listeners, he exclaimed:

"What under heaven are you two moping in here for? Confound me, if I understand such nonsense. For heaven's sake, Bertie, have spunk enough to ask the girl to be your wife. When I was fifteen I did so. Mother, I said—plague take that girl! she hasn't run away. This comes of your everlasting fooling. May the Lord give me patience with such young ninnies! Where's she gone?"

"I'll find her, sir," volunteered Bertie, borrowing his father's determination of face and voice.

He left the room with alacrity, and peered down the long hall looked into every room; but no Alice was to be seen. An open door leading into the garden suggested her possible mode of escape, and immediately he followed the narrow path which led to a summer house. A few rapid steps brought him up to the crouching figure of the girl. "Alice," he called, with new gentleness in his tones.

"I'll never forgive uncle, never!" she exclaimed, with her face still buried in her hands, and her voice hinting rather strongly of tears.

"Poor father, I don't think he deserves your illwill. Look up, Alice, I have something to tell you."

"Bertie, if you don't leave me I'll hate you."

"It is very well to say that while your face is covered, my dear, but for once let me see what you mean it. My bird has been so coquetish and mocked me with so many sweet songs, that I am glad to see her caged at last. Now, as she persistently refuses to uncloset her eyes to the beauty of my countenance, I shall proceed to take matters in my own hands."

"I threaten he promptly carried out. Disregarding her resistance, he lifted her blushing face until he could look into her drooping eyes. Then, apparently satisfied with his long, intent gaze, he drew her closer to him, and kissed her unresisting lips with a grave tenderness.

"Alice, I was right; you do like me a little."

A half hour later, Alice suggested the advisability of returning to the Colonel. Bertie acquiesced reluctantly.

"Come in," called the old gentleman, as she hesitated at the door.

"How many miles did you have to travel to find Alice? You've been gone just the time to get a good head cold. I think you've gotten over the old man, eh? Wouldn't have a wife of my choosing? Oh, no. Wanted an old mare to your liking. Humph! You empty pate, you've got the very girl I picked out for you. Think I have a chance, don't you? Good-bye, dear. She's the devil you know, temper, and she's about her equal, sir."

"I am your son, sir, was the imperturbable reply."


"Yes, yes. Nobody'd think it, though. You'll never have your father's sense, Brian. Come here, you little coquette, and kiss your uncle. And, Bertie, you scamp, if you don't give her everything

BUILT A HOUSE.

AN OHIO WOMAN PLANS AND BUILDS HER OWN HOME.

Her Husband a Cripple—From Foundation to Roof the Building Shows the Brave Woman's Handiwork.

A WIFE of forty-nine who has proved herself a helpmate indeed is Mrs. Elizabeth A. Foster, of Portsmouth, Ohio. Mr. Foster has but one hand. They are hard working people. Having no children, by saving their earnings they accumulated enough to buy a lot on Walnut Hills, a suburb of Portsmouth. They soon found their accumulations would buy the lumber, but were not sufficient to build a house. Mr. Foster's father was a car-




HOUSE BUILT BY MRS. ELIZABETH

penster, and he had learned the art of drawing plans for buildings, but being minus one hand and crippled in the other he could not do any work. Mrs. Foster's father was also a carpenter, and in her younger days she had spent many hours watching him in the erection of buildings.

She was above the average in intelligence, and had gained such a thorough knowledge of the general mechanism of the trade that she concluded she could build a house that would afford them a comfortable home in which to spend the declining years of life. They together formulated the plans and ordered the material. Mrs. Foster then staked off the ground and went to work laying the brick foundation. While this was new work for her, her general knowledge of how things ought to be served her well, and she heeded to the lines closely. When the chips had all fallen she found that she had a foundation that would have been a credit to any mechanic. Then with the little assistance her husband could give her, such as holding timbers and lines, she erected the framework, nailed on the weather boarding, and was soon interesting the passers-by in her work of nailing on the shingle roof.

Mrs. Foster is very modest, and felt somewhat embarrassed to have people who happened to pass that way stop and stand for several minutes watching her drive the nails, saw and plane,



MRS. FOSTER, THE WOMAN CARPENTER.

yet she says it is consoling to her to know that when done she had a house and owed no mechanic for building it, "and then, you know," she says, "that when persons are working for themselves they will do much better work, and I think I have a better house than any man would have built for me."

Mrs. Foster was born in Perry County in 1847. She moved to Portsmouth in 1886, and was married to Frank Foster shortly afterward.

Curious Attachment to Tall Buildings.

Pedestrians in New street have their attention attracted by a curious attachment to the front of one of the tall buildings that line that thoroughfare. Extending from the second story and projecting about four feet over the sidewalk along the front of the edifice in question is a very substantial balcony, composed of a stout wire netting, supported by iron rods dependent from the walls. At the same time it is too light to serve as a support for any one, and at first view the beholder is apt to wonder what its purpose can be. The answer is that the ornamentation of the building is made of terra cotta, and the recent cold weather has split and chipped it to such an extent that the falling pieces, varying in the size from a pea to a good-sized brick, became a danger to pedestrians in a narrow street below. Consequently, the owners erected this screen to catch the falling debris, and by a small expenditure have perhaps warded off some good-sized suits for damages. — New York Advertiser.

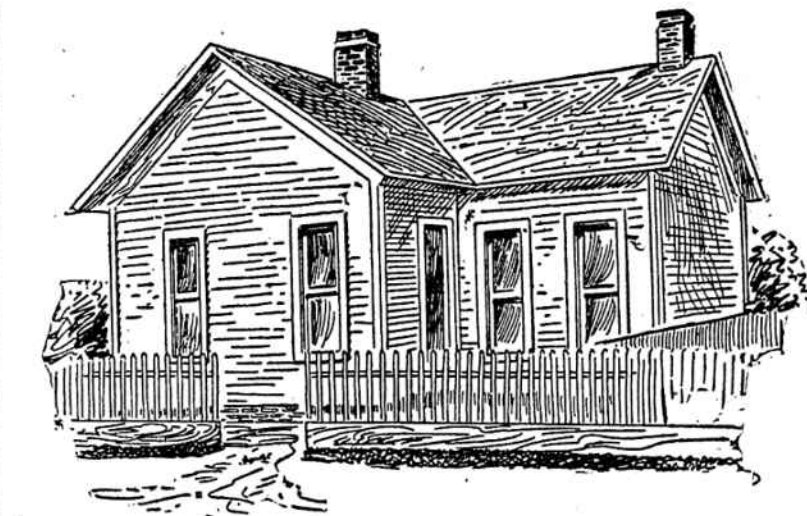
A Curious Lake.

A curious lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North Sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, in which sponges, coldish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh, and supports daphnias and other fresh water creatures.

The soil of Cuba has no rival, especially for tobacco and sugar.

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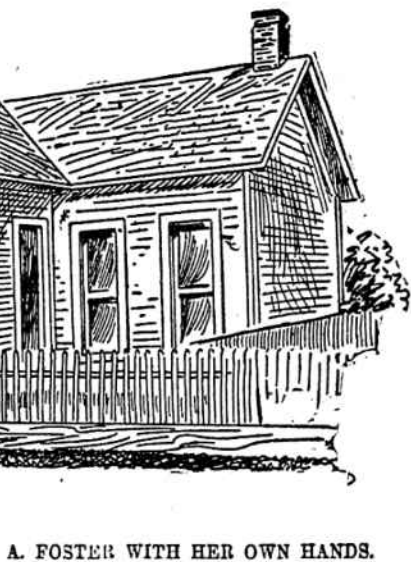
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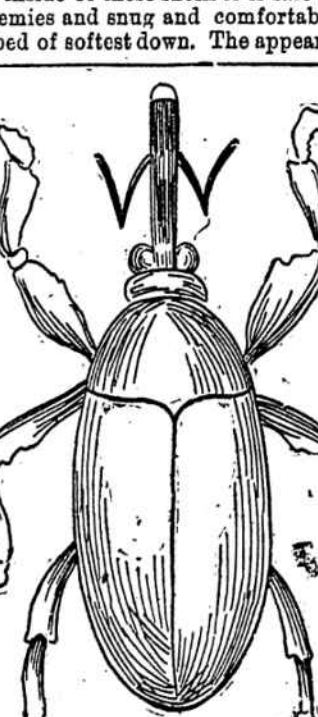
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The Agricultural Department of the United States Government considers the cotton boll weevil, a picture of which is here shown, to be one of the most dangerous pests that has ever made its appearance in the United States. It has so far confined its operations to Northern Mexico and a limited area in Texas. It has in some localities shown a tendency to spread rapidly, while in others it is said to have been at work for years in very small areas, and shown little signs of extending operations. Department experts have been at work investigating its bugbush for some months, but have been unable to show how it came to the Rio Grande. So far no cure has been discovered, and many acres of cotton have been abandoned in consequence.

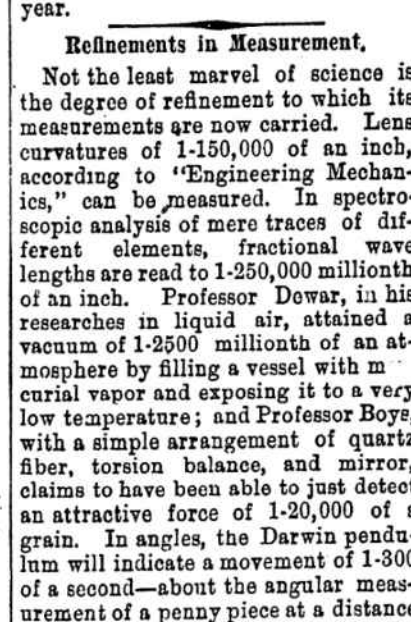


A. FOSTER WITH HER OWN HANDS.

An extraordinary thing about this creature is that it will live in a cotton boll and nowhere else, and once secreted inside of these shells it is safe from enemies and snug and comfortable in a bed of softest down. The appearance



COTTON BOLL WEEVIL, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED



of 1000 lines. American.

Trout Gain Four Pounds in a Year.

About a year ago two boys were fishing with hook and line in Lake Johnsen, Bronson, Fla., and caught two trout only a few inches long, and placed them in a small pond. A few days after they went to the pond where the trout had been placed and caught them. They weighed more than four pounds each. The pond was nearly dry, and, as these were the only fish there, they must have been the same ones. Trout and bream are being caught in large quantities in the lake. —Jacksonville (Fla.) Citizen.

Two Thousand Earthquake Shocks.

The recent eruptions of Hawaiian volcanoes recall the fact that during the last eruption of Mauna Loa, in 1868, there were over 2000 earthquake shocks in twelve days. The steam from the crater rose to a height of about 20,000 feet. —New York Post.

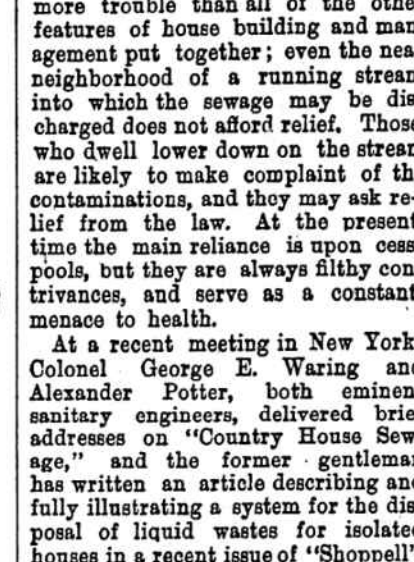
Off and On.



Proficient Bicyclist:—"Well, old chap, how are you getting on?"

Commencing Bicyclist:—"Thank you, not badly; but I find I can get off better." —Punch.

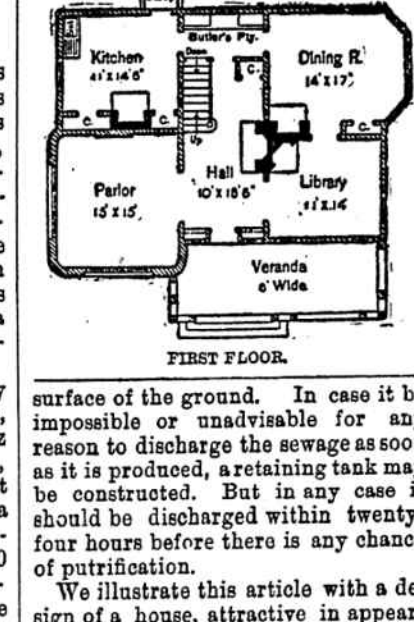
In constructing a country house, a most important and vexing problem confronts the builder. The disposal of sewage in the country has caused



liquid wastes to
a recent issue of "

Modern "latrines" patronized by the Yorder. Both of these gentlemen are thoroughly opposed to the cesspool system, and advocate the daily delivery of sewage onto the surface of the ground. At the first glance this seems most repugnant to the uninitiated; who conceive of sewage as the contents of the cesspool after it has putrefied. But fresh sewage that is delivered upon the surface is absolutely inodorous and inoffensive. According to the Massachusetts standard it consists of 998 parts of water, one part of mineral matter and only one part in a thousand of organic matter. It furnishes no menace to health when delivered on the surface, but merely enriches the ground and makes it more productive. It is not intended that it should be a constant flow over the same section of ground, for in that case the soil would soon become saturated and offensive. Two sections of land are made available, and the flow is daily diverted from one to the other, thus giving the soil a chance to recuperate.

There are certain modifications of the system that make it more widely applicable. It may be that in a country estate there is no available section of land that can be used for sewage drainage without becoming too conspicuous. In that case the drainages may be through porous agricultural tile drains laid a few inches below the



where the sev

deep laid, and where a system of "surface disposal" could be adopted to better advantage than the use of cesspool.

General Dimensions: Width, including dining-room bay and tower projection, 44 ft. 4 ins.; depth, including veranda, 35 ft. 2 ins.

Heights of Stories: Cellar, 6 ft. ins.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 6 ft. 6 ins.; attic, 8 ft.

SECOND FLOOR.

Exterior Materials: Foundation stone; first and second story walls gables and roofs, shingles.

Interior Finish: Three coats plaster hard white finish. Plaster centres in hall and principal rooms of first story. Soft wood flooring and trim throughout. Ash staircase. Panel backs under windows in hall and principal rooms, first story. Kitchens and bathroom, wainscoted. Chair-rail in dining room. All interior wood-work grain filled, stained to suit owner and finished with hard oil varnish.

Colors: Shingling on walls, gables and roofs, dipped in and brush-coated with moss-green stain. Trim, including cornices, veranda posts, rail, outside casings for doors and window conductors, etc., dark green. Sashes, blinds and outside doors, dark red. Veranda floor and ceiling, oiled.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrance and concrete floor. Laundry with two set-tubs in cellar. One servant's room finished in attic, the remainder of attic floors

for storage. Bath-room, with complete plumbing, in second story. Stationary wash-bowl in lower bedroom. Brick-set range. Fireplaces in hall, dining-room and library. Wide double folding doors connect hall and parlor and hall and library.

Cost: \$3500, not including mantels, range and heater. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less.

Feasible Modifications: General dimensions, materials and colors may be changed. Cellar may be reduced in size or wholly omitted. Laundry tubs could be transferred from cellar to kitchen. Two additional rooms may be finished in the attic, or the attic may be left entirely unfinished. Fireplace may be planned in parlor. Veranda may be increased in size. Dining-room bay could be carried up two stories, thus enlarging the bedroom over the dining-room.

(Copyright 1896.)

A Bank Clerk's Revenge.

This is a story about a girl and a man. The girl lives over in Georgetown, where she is distinctly the belle. I don't know where the man lives; but during business hours he is to be found in a bank not far from the Fifteenth street cable transfer. He is a blonde, and is a favorite in the exclusive set in which the Georgetown girl moves. He and she had words—once upon a day. They had so many words, in fact, that the girl, who is said to have more than a bit of temper, ordered him never to presume to speak to her again as long as he lived. She forbade him to recognize her, even, and said that she would make it a point to forget that she had ever met him. This was last winter. The other day she went into the bank in which he is employed, to have a check cashed. The blonde young man appeared at the window. He took the check and examined it carefully. It was a broiling hot day. The Georgetown girl was in a hurry. She hadn't an acquaintance within half an hour's walk. The blonde young man handed the check back.

"Very sorry, madam," said he, "but you'll have to get somebody to identify you before I can cash the check."

And she had to do it.—Washington Post.

2000 Stolen Letters.

The English Postoffice is universally recognized as an institution of wonderful efficiency, but from a reported incident it would appear that a few thousand or more letters and things go astray.

George Twen, a postman, was charged with stealing letters and parcels. The prisoner was arrested on Wednesday, and when a search was made by the police of the stables in the George Inn yard where he keeps his pony, 2000 letters and parcels were found, addressed to all parts of the United Kingdom. The parcels contained, among other things, butter, funeral wreaths and clothing. The stoppage of letters is supposed to have been going on for some time, as some of them are dated 1891, and mice had built in the papers. The prisoner was remanded.—New York Journal.

Courage of the Lion and Tiger.

"One time in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well-known showman, "we placed a Chinese cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner.

"The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze.

"On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied.

"The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—New York Mercury.

Finest Church Organ.

What is said to be the finest church organ in the country has just been set up in the South Congregational Church, of New Britain, Conn. It cost \$20,000, and includes every possible modern improvement. Its bank of keys is movable, and electrically connected with the organ, so that the instrument can be played from any part of the church.

A Boy Slave's Heavy Burden.

This illustration is from a photograph sent by the Rev. W. K. Firminger, of the Universities' Mission, Zanzibar, to the London Graphic. It represents a sight not at all uncommon in the streets of the native quarters of Zanzibar, East Africa. Slaves who have run away and are recaptured are usually punished in the manner depicted. The little boy in the illustration was about seven years old, and had carried the log, weighing over thirty-two pounds, and the heavy chain



THE BOY SLAVE OF ZANZIBAR.

for over a year. Mr. Firminger was afterward able to procure the boy's freedom.



THE BOY SLAVE OF ZANZIBAR.